

# THE DIRECTOR.

No. 23. SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1807.

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*To doubt  
Is worse than to have lost: and to despair,  
Is but to antedate those miseries  
That must fall on us.*

DUKE OF MILAN.

HAVING received the two following communications from quarters very capable of affording many more, I submit them to the perusal of the reader, as the didactic part of the present number; to the *first*, I have taken the liberty of prefixing the above motto from MAS-SINGER.

VOL. II. T t

*To the Editor of the Director.*

*Cypress Hall, June 13, 1807.*

Sir,

I PERCEIVE that your Journal embraces miscellaneous matter, and is not exclusively confined to the details of the arts and sciences. Sometimes you love to sport with Beaus and Belles, and sometimes to steal behind the scenes, and give dramatic authors a whipping for their stupid or impudent productions.

It does not, however, appear to me, that you have yet travelled into the country, and taken notice of the oddities and singularities of the *rustic* character. In the present communication, it is my intention to transmit to you a short Journal which I made during my visit at the house of my old friend SIR TIMOTHY ZOUCHE. But, first of all, Sir, let me give you a sketch of Sir Timothy's character.

SIR TIMOTHY is of a very antient an-

cestry; as may be observed from the *Family Tree*, drawn on vellum, and hanging up in an old oaken frame in the hall. I am not quite sure whether, among the curiosities of the *black-room* library, there be not an edition of the *St. Albans Book on Heraldry*, with MS. notes, by Sir William Dugdale; in which Sir Timothy's ancestors are mentioned in the most honourable manner. Suffice it to observe, that Sir Timothy justly boasts of a splendid race of great grandfathers and grandmothers, who have drawn swords and worked carpets for the benefit of their country.

HE has two daughters and one son; the latter well married, and settled in Caernarvonshire; from whence he frequently writes long letters, and amuses the worthy Knight with his descriptions of Conway Castle, Snowdon and Plinlimmon mountains. The daughters are unmarried, and live with their father in tolerable harmony.

THE misfortune is, Sir Timothy ranks among those unhappy gentlemen who are continually worrying themselves about the triumphs of the French, and the manœuvres of Party at home. If the former happen to be defeated, he draws plans for confining a *certain Gentleman* within an iron cage; or, if he happen to conquer, he anticipates the subjugation of the world. When the surrender of Dantzic reached him, he expressed his surprise and chagrin that the Stocks had not fallen more than *two per cent*: and when he was made acquainted with the news of our late disaster in Egypt, he uttered a deep groan, declaring that there was an end of British valour by *land*! Our ships, according to Sir Timothy's calculations, should be at all quarters of the world in all seasons; and though he acknowledges that the Atlantic is somewhat wider than Salisbury plain, he is quite astonished that every motion of the enemy's navy should not be seen and counteracted by our own.

SIR TIMOTHY keeps a curious register, in which are pasted (cut out from newspapers and journals) the captures of the French and the English ; the loss both parties sustain in each battle, and the exact returns of Members of Parliament. But, Sir, you are looking for the Journal—and here it is.

*'Sunday, June 7.* Went to church—Sir Timothy thoughtful during the sermon—on going out, expressed his fears of the consequences of the surrender of Dantzic. After dinner, drank a glass and half—'Duckworth,' and 'Constantinople,' alternately uttered by the Knight, as he dosed in his chair.

*Monday, June 8.* A blight in the air. Sir Timothy fearful of the apple season, in Devonshire and Herefordshire (where he holds estates). Much grumbling against an English climate and French wines. Letter from Devonshire—apples looking well—good prospect of payment of rent—an extra glass after dinner—

'Benningsen' toasted in a bumper, in which the Miss Zouches are compelled to join—'Bonaparte in the Tower!' three times three! much laughing, with a violent fit of coughing—rather gloomy as the evening came on. 'The King of Holland a jackanapes for sending Commissioners to buy pictures at Christie's.

*Tuesday, June 9.* No hopes of Europe. Sweden gulled, Russia blinded, and Prussia mad. The Archduke Charles stupefied—our troops asleep. No speaking to Sir Timothy in this mood—waited till after dinner, when 'Church and King' being given in an overflowing bumper, restored every thing to proper order. No land like England—and no end to the rain—what is to become of the corn? A dearth, dearness, mutiny, and general insurrection. Monopolizers the pest of the country.

*Wednesday, June 10.* Prospects of a peace held forth by the papers—England undone, in consequence. Visible

decay in trade, and general corruption in manners—dinners at 7—ladies always dressed in lace, and gentlemen stubbornly continuing to leave off powder—nothing like days of yore: the cocked hat and clubbed queue of the good old Duke of Cumberland—the victory of Culloden more brilliant than that of Maida. Barometer falling, and more rain. *Sir Timothy in one continued state of alarm.*

*Thursday, June 11.* The Miss Zouches gone to Ramsgate for the season. Sir Timothy fearful of a division in the house. Good news from Herefordshire—apples looking well. An armistice dreaded: Talleyrand too deep for Alexander. Volunteers again in motion.

‘He would be a soldier, would sweet Willy \*ho!’

THE preceding, Mr. Director, is but a faint description of the artificial misery which this worthy Knight is continually creating for himself and those around him. Hoping the present communication

\* Sir Timothy’s gardener.

may operate as a warning to all those who are disposed to tread in the footsteps of Sir Timothy Zouche,

I am, Sir,

Your obedient humble Servant,

THEOPHILUS.

THEOPHILUS has my best thanks for the lively portraiture he has drawn of this singular old Knight. There cannot be, methinks, a more dreadful pest within any walls than that which arises from the acrimony of a gloomy mind, constantly brooding over scenes of calamity and dismay. Life has enough of *real* misery and of *positive* ills, without adding to them by the *artificial* ones of a dis-tempered brain. I have too good an opinion of my own country to suppose that a universal dejection is to be the consequence of a partial defeat: nor can I be led to think, that, because one potentate has fallen prostrate to be trod upon, any thing like BRITISH VALOUR would stoop



to the like ignominy. It is the characteristic of a child, to be perpetually anticipating victory; and it is the meanness of a coward, to suppose all our energies paralysed by a defeat. Bravery is madness without discretion, and despair is the last feeling which can possess a bosom animated by a proper love of one's country.

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Sir,

My observations on the structure and decoration of our theatres having experienced some unavoidable interruption, I now beg to resume them.

THE strictures in my first letter were confined to the shape of the house, or part allotted to the spectators; the remarks in my second epistle had for their object the disposition of the Proscaenium, or intermediate space between

the house and the stage; the observations of this my third scrawl will entirely relate to the arrangement of the stage itself.

WITH regard to this latter part of our theatrical structures, allow me to begin by observing that our nation, which perhaps makes a more dexterous and more extensive use of machinery than any other, in the production and improvement of objects of direct utility and comfort, seems to avail itself less than any other, of the powers of mechanism, in the promotion and the perfecting of instruments and means of mere diversion and show.

IN the great Italian and French theatres, every change of scenery, however extensive its whole, and however complicated its parts, is entirely accomplished by means of machinery. The turning of one single wheel effects at once, both the simultaneous retreat of the entire assemblage of wings and

drops and flat, that are to disappear, and the simultaneous advancement of the entire set of lateral and top and back scenes, that are to come forward in their place: so that the deepest forest or garden scene is, as if by magic, in a twinkling, converted into a street or palace.

IN the English playhouses, on the contrary, every change of scenery (if we except a few of those very confined and partial transfigurations of our Harlequinades, termed Pantomimes) is atchieved by dint of hands; and, whether the action lie in Peru or in China, in antient Greece or in modern London, whenever the scene is to be shifted, out pop a parcel of fellows in ragged laced liveries, to announce the event, and to bring it about by mere manual labour. They are not only distinctly heard, giving each other directions to that purpose, to the unspeakable annoyance of the actor, whom they perhaps outbellow in some of his finest passages—but they are even distinctly seen, tugging and pulling piecemeal

at each different piece of the scenery: of these various divisions some hitch, others tumble; here a wing comes rolling on the stage before its time, there another lags behind until perhaps the time for a new removal is arrived: and thus does every one of those changes of decoration, so frequent in English plays, only present a scene of confusion, most distressing to the eye.

I SHALL not expatiate at length, on the constant violation of those laws of perspective, which ought to make the whole range of wings and drops and flat, one single cohering body; or on the equally constant disregard of those rules of congruity, which should render every one of these different component parts of the same whole, subservient to an uniform style of architecture and of decoration. Suffice it to say, that this violation and this disregard of the most essential conditions of theatrical illusion are carried in England to the highest pitch. Instead of fitting to each other's

extremities with nicety, the wings and drops often encroach upon each other's boundaries in such a way as to occasion, in the different objects which they represent, the most unsightly maimings and breaks: and not unfrequently is the roof of the humblest hovel lost in the tattered sky. For the most part, the wings, neither in the style, nor in the proportions, nor in the perspective of their architecture, correspond at all with the flat with which they are associated; and between the extreme shallowness of these wings, and the excessive width of the intervening spaces between them, half the audience is treated, in all our playhouses, with a full view, not only of the premeditated and full dress play, acted before the scenes, but of the extempore and undress play, going forward behind the stage, to the utter destruction of all illusion, decorum, and pleasure!

ON the French stage, whenever the scene represents a room, particular attention is given to the making that room

appear habitable and inhabited. It always displays in the very centre of the flat or closing part, its own appropriate folding door, at which the dramatis personæ usually go in and out; and if, from the peculiar texture of the play exhibited, this room should be supposed to lead to different distinct contiguous apartments, it has as many more additional doors as there are supposed to be such apartments, each contrived in some one of the wings that line the sides of the stage. This practice not only increases the illusion of the scene, but, what is still more material, renders much easier the understanding of the plot: not to speak of the infinitely more striking effect which is produced by a performer of a commanding mien, and invested with a dignified character, entering the scene at the centre, and from his very first appearance presenting himself in front to the spectators, than when obliged to slide edgeways on and off the boards, through an interstice in the side scenes.

IN England there hardly ever is a central door, contrived in the flat which closes the scene: Whatever be the performance, and whoever be the personages, they all either walk in and out at the permanent doors, which form part of the proscenium; and which, as I have already observed, offer in their architecture and decoration no harmony or connection whatever with the peculiar scenery or event exhibited; or they slide in and out, between the intervals of the wings, which are generally intended to represent a solid cohering wall; so that, were the laws of perspective sufficiently attended to, in the painting of the scenes, to render the separation between their different divisions as imperceptible as it ought to be, and to make them look like an uninterrupted mass of masonry, the *entrée* and the exit of each personage athwart this solid wall, would every time appear effected by downright witchcraft.

IN French scenery, a room, repre-

sented as inhabited, always is made to display a few chairs, and other pieces of appropriate furniture, disposed all around, and ready for the performers to help themselves to, when required: nor, if, in the play that is acting, a dialogue between two seated personages, should not be intended to take place, until, perhaps, near the very conclusion of the scene, would a couple of the gentlemen in laced liveries aforementioned, as if endowed with the gift of second sight from the very rising of the curtain, lug two lumbering arm-chairs to the very centre of the in all other respects totally unfurnished boards; there to remain, staring the spectators full in the face, during the whole of the ensuing scene, in order to give them timely intimation of a conversation, which, perhaps, the author has been torturing his wits to represent as an unpremeditated and spontaneous effusion, resulting from the most unforeseen concurrence of incidents.

A. Z.







## BIBLIOGRAPHIANA.

ALL human labours must have a period of cessation, and that period has at length arrived to these *bibliographical memoranda*. The reader will therefore keep up his spirits, as well as he is able, in the perusal of this farewell address.

THE DIRECTOR, of which the present number forms the twenty-third, will cease for the season after the next, or twenty-fourth, number. The ensuing one, however, being engaged for matter of much more importance than any thing connected with *black letter*, or *unique copies*, I embrace the opportunity afforded me in the present one, of making my respectful bow, and bidding adieu till the year 1808; but not without something by way of

## EPILOGUE.

WHOEVER will be at the pains of consulting Part 2. Sect. 2. Memb. 4. of

BURTON's *Anatomy of Melancholy*\*, will not want further arguments to convince him of the excellency and utility of *books*. In two pages, we have a cluster of authorities, from Seneca to King James the First, of England, of the importance of *reading*, in driving away melancholy and the spleen; and I feel pretty confident that it was in reference to *old English Literature*, that our monarch from the North is made to exclaim, that 'if he were to be a prisoner, he would desire to have no other prison than the BODLEIAN LIBRARY, and to be chained † together with so many good authors.'

\* Edit. 1652.

† This expression was, no doubt, *metaphorically* used by good King James—but there are some libraries, not many yards from Magdalen College, wherein chains are *ipso facto* affixed to the books. A great deal of curious antiquarian research is connected with this subject of chaining books. It would be well, if a few iron links were occasionally entwined round some of the duodecimos of our *circulating libraries*. Knowledge travels much too fast from these repositories.

HEINSIUS, (I presume Daniel) is also introduced as an evidence of the comforts of a well-stored library. Alluding to the public one at Leyden, of which he was the keeper, he breaks out in the following manner: 'I no sooner come into the library, but I bolt the door, excluding lust, ambition, avarice, and all such vices, whose nurse is idleness, the mother of ignorance and melancholy herself; and in the very lap of eternity, amongst so many divine souls, I take my seat, with so lofty a spirit and sweet content, that I pity all our great ones, and rich men, that know not this happiness.'

THE preceding remarks are in favour of books *in general*; let us now see whether a word or two may not be said in praise of the BLACK LETTER. Schelhorn, in his *Literary Amusements*\*, observes, with the proper spirit of a bibliographer, that 'there is something in the

\* *Amœnitates Literariæ*, tom. i. p. 5,

rude shapes and black and broken appearances of these letters, which wonderfully affects the senses.' Chevillier, in his history of printing at Paris\*, gives us an animated account of a copy of the 'Speculum Salutis', (the quintessence of black letter) which he had the good luck to purchase for 4 livres, when it might be worth *fourteen hundred*: and one of the De Bures, in the preface to La Valliere's Catalogue, very justly remarks, that 'the most distinguished literary characters attach considerable value to *first editions*, as books of the greatest utility, on account of the excellent readings found in them.' Let us then, benevolent Reader, no longer doubt of the transcendent merit of the BLACK LETTER; but heartily join in commendation of those who procure, at such great trouble and expense, the typographical productions of Verard, Zarotus, and Eustache, abroad: of Caxton, W. de Worde, and Pynson, at home.

THUS much in support 'of the excel-

† P. 281.

lency and utility of books.' As to *modes of application*, I would advise the bibliographical student not to distress himself about devoting a *certain number* of hours every day. Nothing, in my humble opinion, is more ridiculous than this mechanical method of acquiring knowledge. Our fitness for reading should never be *forced*: if too much Madeira have not stupified the brain the preceding evening, and the faculties seem quite *au-fait*, I presume few literary men would quit their books because the 4th or 5th hour of reading had transpired. Old CASTELL, the immortal editor of the Lexicon Heptaglotton, used to consider that day as having been unproductive, or almost devoted to idleness, 'in which he had not toiled *sixteen or eighteen* hours at his Polyglot labours.'

To be sure, few modern gentlemen may have such good eyes or strong heads as this said Castell; and few, perhaps, would like to entangle themselves so completely in the Syriac and Arabic lan-

guages as he did—from an apprehension that they might not escape so successfully: but surely two, or three, or four hours, are sufficient for the common purposes of literature—if the perception be quick, and the judgment clear.

FATHER LE LONG, the author of the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, of which Masch has given us such an excellent edition in four quarto volumes\*, most certainly hastened his end by too intense an application to books; as did also, I fear, our great scholar KUSTER. The former more particularly by *rising too soon after dinner*†; and the latter by not having a *proper reading desk from his upholsterer*‡. If I were to select three men above

\* Halle, 1778—90.

† 'E mensa ad libros evolabat, 'says his biographer.

‡ Kuster was in the habit of reading and writing upon a square table, across which he was continually leaning, to examine books: his chest in consequence became affected, and a consumptive disorder ensued. It is related of him, that, in the midst of



others, for variety of erudition, and intensity of application, they would be, Barthius, editor of Statius, Father Papebroch, editor of the 'Acta Sanctorum' (in 50 volumes folio), and Fabricius, the well known author of the *Bibliotheca Græca*, &c. Compared with these men, who may be called by Scaliger's phrase, '*homines centenarii*,' I consider MAGLIABECHI himself, lolling in his cradle\*, a mere infant in application.

his editing SUIDAS's LEXICON, he was awaked one night by thunder and lightning, and seized with so dreadful an apprehension for the safety of this work, that he rose immediately, and carried it to bed with him, with all the affection of a father for an only child.

\*Of MAGLIABECHI honourable mention was made in the last number of the Director. 'In his manner of living,' says Spence, 'he affected the character of Diogenes; three hard eggs, and a draught or two of water, was his usual repast. When any one wanted to see him, they most usually found him *lolling in a sort of fixed wooden cradle*, in the middle of his study, with a multitude of books around him; some thrown in heaps, and others scattered about the floor, on which he used occasionally to sleep; and this his cradle, or bed, was attached to the nearest piles of books by a number of cobwebs. On the entrance of any one, he commonly used to call out, '*not to hurt his spiders!*'

HAVING descanted thus much on the advantages of books, black letter, and a well regulated application to study, I purpose bringing the subject of bibliography more particularly under review, by saying a few words on the prevalence of knowledge, or rather, perhaps, the circulation of books, in THIS COUNTRY *at the present time* : and in so doing I shall consider the METROPOLIS as the fittest place for forming a criterion of the progress of intellectual refinement.

FASHIONS in dress, in houses, plate, linen and books, all take their rise in London ; and it were well if, in our account of the fashions prevailing there, the most absurd or indecorous were confined to the foregoing articles only : it were well, if the misery resulting from injudicious habits and customs were exclusively the effect of *Egyptian patterns*, and *large paper copies* ; and that *subscription* \* *houses* and *masquerades* † were entirely out of the question.

\* A modern phrase for *gaming houses*.

† A recent masquerade-advertisement specifies

BUT to return. The minute detail of booksales which has chiefly occupied the former pages of 'Bibliographiana,' may impress the reader with a notion that the love of reading and of collecting was known only to our *forefathers*, half a century and upwards ago—I mean on the contrary to convince him, that *the present* is the epoch of literature: and for this purpose, shall lay before him a statement of the principal book-sales in this metropolis, from November last to the present month inclusive. In this statement I shall confine myself to the sales of Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby, Messrs. King and Lochée, and of Mr. Stewart only. The minor ones, carried on under *Covent Garden Piazza*, at *Tom's Coffee House*, &c. are unnecessary to be noticed.

that the ladies' tickets are *two Guineas*; the gentlemen's, *three Guineas*!! This will have a comical appearance 150 years hence, and be considered *vastly reasonable*. Fortunately for those who repent of obtaining them, the tickets are *transferable*!

*Booksales by LEIGH and SOTHEY.*

	Volumes.
Rev. Edward Bowerbank's library	2200
Earl of Hallifax's	2000
Mr. John Voight's	6000
Sutton Sharpe's, Esq.	4000
George Mason's, ditto	3800
Mr. Burdon's	14000
Charles Bedford's, Esq.	3500
Rev. Charles Bathurst's	3000
Sir John Sebright's, Bt. (duplicates)	3300
Bishop Horsley's	4400
Mr. E. Edwards's	1100
Lieut. Col. Thos. Velley's	2200
Four miscellaneous	6000
	<hr/> 55500

*Booksales by KING and LOCHÉE\*.*

R. Forster's, Esq. library	5000
Dr. John Millar's	3500

\* Messrs. King and Lochee open the *book campaign* next season (in November) with the sale of the curious and extensive library of the late ISAAC REED, Esq. editor of Shakspeare, the Biographia Dramatica, &c. So valuable a collection, in regard

	Volumes.
Mr. C. Martin's	1000
Mr. Daniel Waldron's	1200
Rev. Thomas Towle's	3000
Mr. Brice Lambert's	2000
C. Dilly's, Esq.	3000
<i>Six miscellaneous</i>	8400
	<hr/> 27100

*Booksales by MR. STEWART.*

Mr. Law's library	4000
Lord Thurlow's	3000
Mr. William Bryant's	4500
Rev. W. W. Fitzthomas's	2000
Rev. John Brand's	17000
George Stubbs, Esq.	1800
<i>Three miscellaneous</i>	4300
	<hr/> 36600

## TOTAL.

Sold by Messrs. Leigh & Sotheby	55500
Messrs. King & Lochée	27100
Mr. Stewart	36600
	<hr/> 119200

to *English literature*, has never yet appeared before the public. The catalogue will be revised by a very able hand.

SUCH has been the circulation of books, within these last seven months, by the hands of *three auctioneers only*; and the prices which a great number of curious\* articles brought, is a sufficient demonstration that books are esteemed for their *intrinsic value* as well as for the adventitious circumstances which render them *rare* or *curious*. While there are purchasers for the ARCANO DEL MARE†, the commentary of EUSTATHIUS ON HOMER, and Caxton's KNIGHT OF THE TOURE‡, we need not despair of the taste, erudition, and bibliographical spirit, of the age!

BUT posterity are not to judge of the prevalence of knowledge in these times,

\* Vid. the preceding numbers of the Director: Art. 'Bibliographiana.'

† For some account of this work consult vol. i. p. 330, of the Director.

‡ 'The Knight of the Toure,' printed by Caxton in 1483, was purchased by a noble Earl, distinguished for his very fine collection, for the sum of *one hundred and eleven pounds*; the largest price ever offered for a single English book, unembellished with plates.

by the criterion of, what are technically called, *booksales* only. They should be told that, within the same seven months, thousands and tens of thousands of books of all sorts have been circulated by the *London booksellers*: and that, without travelling to know the number disposed of at Bristol, Liverpool, York, or Exeter, it may be only necessary to state that *one distinguished House* alone, established not quite a furlong beyond the railings of St. Paul's church, has sold not far short of *two hundred thousand volumes* within the foregoing period!!

IF learning continue thus to thrive, and books to be considered as necessary furniture to an apartment; if wealthy merchants are resolved upon procuring large paper copies, as well as Indian spices and Russian furs; we may hail, in anticipation, that glorious period when the book-fairs of Leipsic shall be forgotten in the superior splendour of *those in London*.

I CONFESS that this train of ideas particularly consoles me at the conclusion

of these my bibliographical labours. I rejoice to think that, in spite of revolutionary commotions abroad, and party bickerings at home, the love of knowledge still prevails—and the reputation of an author is considered as perfectly compatible with the character of a gentleman.

THOSE who are instrumental to the collection or preservation of libraries, confer a lasting benefit on their successors. Carriages, horses, dogs, and all their riotous accompaniments, are objects which a fool sometimes collects for a knave to dissipate: such property is rich to-day, and poor to-morrow. But it is not so with those pursuits connected with the preservation of literature: it is not so with the cultivation of intellectual refinement. This latter has been a constant theme of admiration, even with those who have had no inclination to pursue it: this latter has extorted praises from princes and from heroes; it has sometimes stopped the progress of human slaughter, and prevented the total



demolition of cities. Those Greeks, who could repeat the verses of EURIPIDES, were spared in the general massacre at Syracuse. And the house of PINDAR was twice preserved in the sacking of Thebes, from a reverence paid to the spot in which so great a genius once resided !

I AM not vain enough to suppose that my '*bibliographical memoranda*' can prove any thing like an incentive to very deep or very extensive literary research : No ; all the praise I seek, and all the happiness I hope for, is to be ranked among those who, in the language of an eminent foreign philologist 'have caused books to be consulted, and knowledge to be diffused.'

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*British Gallery.*

IN many of the preceding numbers of the Director, it is presumed that the pictures in this collection have been noticed with an attention due to their merits.

HAVING dilated somewhat largely on the principal ones, and having, it is hoped, sufficiently proved that **BRITISH GENIUS** requires only *British Patronage* to be more generally known and admired, I cannot take leave of this admirable collection (certainly the best modern one in exhibition for the last seven months) without calling on my countrymen to pay a just tribute of respect to the memory of **THAT ARTIST**, whose productions have so often graced *these walls*, and whose merits, at once original and various, have always found their way to the human heart.

THE name of Mr. **OPIE** has been enshrined in a weekly publication, called, 'THE ARTIST:.' A sketch of his life and character has very justly formed a prominent feature in a work, devoted to those subjects connected with the rise and progress of the *Fine Arts*: panegyric, however, has not been fulsome; nor has occasional censure been inappropriate, in the criticisms on **OPIE'S** painting.

THE productions of this artist \* claim the peculiar merit of originality, when contrasted with those of others: but he too frequently copied from himself. His old men have great force, but not sufficient variety: his children are rarely playful, and sprightliness and the '*air joyeux*' are seldom the characteristics of his females. Though he grouped well, he always appeared to labour in the delineation of his separate characters: but this defect was rarely perceptible, from that magic of light and shade which he flung upon his historical compositions. He had great breadth and harmony of colouring; and sometimes successfully united the force of Rembrandt with the brilliancy of Reynolds. His portraits of men, particularly of *intellectual characters*, were most happily executed: for *mind* was the predominant expression of the physiognomy. Although less pathetic

\* It is said that his *Lectures on Painting*, at the Royal Institution and at Somerset House, are to be published. Every one is confident of the success of their sale!

than Northcote, and less humorous than Smirke, he succeeded admirably in the delineation of '*Simple Tales*.' It is true, his characters rarely aspire to grandeur, and seldom captivate by the magic of grace or beauty; but Mr. Opie amply compensated for these deficiencies, by possessing a kind of legitimate taste, and sound manly judgment, which disdained to adopt the meretricious ornaments of the day. Time, which is hourly consigning to oblivion the puny efforts of little-minded artists, expands his wings, and throws aside his glass, to transport OPIE to the temple of perennial fame.

The fame that a man wins *himself*, is  
best;

THAT he may call *his own*. Honours put  
to him,

Make him no more a man than his clothes  
do,

And are as soon ta'en off.

MIDDLETON.

LET us hope, in thus bidding 'Farewell' to the pencil of OPIE, that those, whose productions have graced these

walls, will not disdain to display his excellencies, and to revive his example. There are *some* to whom such an observation does not apply; but there are *more* to whom it may, with peculiar propriety, be addressed. The British School is young in fame; but the period of youth, if carefully watched and educated, may lead to a vigorous manhood, and venerable old age. We can write as well as Winkleman and Mengs, and paint much better than the latter artist: there is no fatality in the climate to prevent the expansion of genius; and as long as Reynolds and Gainsborough, Wilson and Romney, Barry and OPIE shall be remembered, so long may we be convinced of the powers and reputation of our countrymen.

The Patronage of THIS INSTITUTION has never been withheld; exclusively of its having been the channel of the sale of pictures to the amount of £4000 (*in one season only*), it holds out other incentives to exertion and to excellence—as the following Resolution will evince.

‘THE Directors of the British Institution have announced to those artists who attended as students in the British Gallery last summer, that, with a view to encourage their efforts in original composition, they propose to select three or more pictures from those which shall next summer be lent to the British Gallery; and to give a premium of £100 for the best original picture, proper in point of subject and manner to be a companion to either of such pictures; and to give a premium of £60 for such next best original picture as aforesaid; and a premium of £40 for the third in point of merit, of such original pictures as before mentioned: the comparative merit to be adjudged by a select committee, to be appointed by the Directors. And also that any picture painted for such premium may (if otherwise worthy) be exhibited for sale in the Gallery next winter, for the respective benefit of the artist.’